

You're not lost by orphan_account

Series: [Chubby Will Byers \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bullying, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, Mike is there to comfort him, Self-Harm, Suicidal Thoughts, Will has a really bad day, and Jonathan too, chubby will byers

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, James (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Troy (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Will Byers is having a pretty bad day, and there is only one thing that could make it worse.

(Part 3 in the series of chubby Will Byers)

You're not lost

The morning started with screaming, Joyce and Jonathan had both rushed in to see what was wrong, and they found a panicking ball of sweat and tears called Will Byers. He was having a full-fledged attack after a nightmare about the Upside Down, Jonathan put on some Joy Division to try and calm Will down and Joyce rocked him back and forth in her arms while he silently cried into her chest.

As far as mornings go, it was definitely not the best. Will carried the shaky feeling with him after he recovered and tried to go back to some normalcy by going to school. His shaky legs kept almost having him fall off his bike, and the other boys had noticed.

“You alright, Byers?” Lucas questioned, concerned, Will gave a quiet ‘I’m fine’ which seemed enough for him and they continued, he didn’t want any sympathy right now, he never liked people worrying about him.

Once they had arrived at school, Mike quietly asked if he was okay, Will excused that he was just tired and should be okay when he has a sit down. This wasn’t a complete lie, he was tired, but for different reasons.

Troy was the one thing that Will knew, would send him over the edge and cause him to have another break down. He had almost broken down a few times prior, very small things could trigger a panic attack these days, but today he was feeling especially fragile, and Troy noticed.

“Hey look everybody, the freak show has a new act! In addition to Midnight, Frog face and Toothless, we now have the freakiest one of all; the human butterball!” Will cringed as he felt James and Troy’s stares burn into him, along with all of the dirty looks from others who had started to crowd around to see what was happening.

“You know, *toothless*” James spat the word, trying to mock Dustin’s barely there lisp, “I think you’ve lost your place as the number one freak. Although, Butterball hasn’t got any talent, so he’ll never make as much money as you!” Troy and James pushed Will to the floor

before walking off. The crowd quickly disappeared, but not before throwing jokes at Will's crumpled form in the floor.

Will had quickly realised that all hope of today being a normal day, had gone. He just lay there on the floor, too ashamed to move or reply to his friends reassurance. Troy and James had gone way too far this time, they hadn't targeted just Will since his first day back at Hawkins Junior, and giving him a new nickname, *Butterball*, he wasn't that bad was he? Mike had told him a thousand times that it suited him, but even that he was starting to doubt.

Mike had told Lucas and Dustin to head to lessons, they had Mr Clarke first lesson, so they could explain to him later why they were late. It was fifteen minutes past the bell to lessons, before Will decided he should get up or at least say something.

He had been crying since Dustin and Lucas had left, and Mike was comforting him by wrapping himself around Will's crumpled form and pulling him into his lap. But nothing could stop this oncoming breakdown, the both of them knew it.

First Will's frame started to shake, every word he had been called repeated in his head, 'fag' 'fairy' 'gay' 'chubby' 'fat' and now 'butterball', next his mind ran images of his friends calling him these things, then his dad, although most of those were just memories from his past, then it was Jonathan and Joyce, he couldn't take it.

He cried out for Mike, but he was falling through a black void, only the cruel voices in his head, beating him down, then the Demogorgon was chasing him, then Hopper was pulling the tendril out of him, but he didn't live, he died and they left him there, not caring.

He should have died there, in the Upside Down, he should have been forgotten. He is a freak, not only does he like boys, but he is chubby, and he died, he should have anyway. He throws up slugs from another dimension, no one should do that.

He was shaking violently now, and if it wasn't for Mike there cooing sweet words at him, he would have damaged himself.

The attack lasted for about ten minutes, and by the time Will had

essentially woken, he was so scared and cold and shaken, Mike didn't think he would be able to function properly for a while.

This was the worst attack Will has suffered, to Mike's knowledge, so he held the boy tight, tighter than ever, checking on him every minute to make sure he was breathing and not shaking again.

Will just stared at the ground, so angry with himself and completely surrounded by his own self-hatred.

Mike managed to get Will up on his feet and brushed the dirt off of him, they had been on the ground for about an hour and soon other students would be coming past them, so they left, they would apologise to Mr Clarke another time.

Will was in no state to cycle, so he got on the back of Mike's bike and they rode back to Will's house. Jonathan was home and instantly hugged Will when he saw his dirt covered form. Mike explained that Will had had an attack after Troy and James had said some really harsh things and pushed him to the ground, he kept out the details, because they were very personal and Will probably wouldn't want them repeated.

Jonathan picked up Will and carried him to his bedroom, he tucked him into the double bed, Will fell asleep very quickly, his attack had taken all of the energy out of him, so Mike decided to go back to school and pick up Will's bike. His ride back through Mirkwood was strange, he felt very sad to remember the week when Will was gone, and that this was the place that he had seen the Demogorgon for the first time. To this day Mike cursed himself for summoning that beast, he threw out the figure and all of the information about it, he could never make that mistake again. Even if it could have been a freak coincidence, he wouldn't let it happen again.

When he arrived back at the Byer's house, Jonathan was sitting on Will's bed, stroking his hair out of his eyes, Will was still fast asleep, so Jonathan asked what the bullied has said.

"Will wouldn't want you to tell me, but I need to know what they're saying about him." Mike understood, Nancy had flipped when he told her that Troy and James called him frog face, even though it wasn't

nearly as bad as what Will received, it still hurt.

“Well, they’ve been teasing him about his body since January, as you know he went through that patch of not eating much, but since he’s been better, it’s only gotten worse, the bullying is mainly directed at him these days, telling him that he’d be better off dead, or that...” He paused, not wanting to repeat their words, but Jonathan encouraged him to continue. “They say to him that fat fairies can’t fly, and today they announced that he was a ‘human butterball’ calling us all freaks, but mainly Will.”

Jonathan was angry, but did a good job of hiding it. He couldn’t believe what people were so mean to Will, he was the sweetest, most innocent kid on earth, and he was relentlessly teased for everything. Will had been called most of these things by Lonnie, that was enough for any kid, but to also get it at school on a daily basis, it’s amazing that he had only had one breakdown.

When Will woke up, Jonathan hugged him and told him that he was perfect over and over, Will melted into his brother’s shoulder, but Jonathan decided to go and make them all chicken noodle soup, because it was a favourite of both the boy’s and it was well past lunch. So Mike curled up next to Will and kissed him on the cheek, earning a blush and a small smile from Will.

“Thank you, Mike” Will buried his head in Mike’s chest and hummed the tune of his favourite song, Should I Stay or Should I Go by The Clash, by now Mike had learnt all of the lyrics, so he sang along, quietly. Mike was really not too bad at singing, but he didn’t often show it, because he much preferred guitar.

“You know, we should start a band one day.” Will gave a confused hum in response, “Well, with you being so amazing at singing, and I can kind of play guitar, Dustin would be a great drummer and I’m sure we could persuade Lucas to pick up Bass, we would make a great band!” Will blushed and giggled at the concept,

“Sounds wonderful, but I’m not too sure about Dustin on drums, he might accidentally kick in the bass drum in the middle of a concert!” Mike giggled at Will’s imagination, it was true though.

“Planning on going on tour already? We haven’t even got a name yet!” Mike and Will giggled into each other, a warm, fuzzy feeling that came from planning the future was felt by them both. They hoped that they could spend forever in each other’s arms.

They all had chicken noodle soup, courtesy of Jonathan. They explained their band idea to him and promised him backstage tickets for every show, he was excited, being the person that introduced music to Will, and glad that Mike was helping Will plan things to look forward to, so he had something to remind him of when he gets lost in a bubble of self-hatred and suicidal thoughts.

Jonathan remembered the time that Will had had an attack so bad that he screamed out ‘I want to die’ over and over, Joyce and Jonathan had cried into his arms and held him down from trying to hurt himself. Then there was the first time he had found Will trying to die, he had littered his forearms with deep gashes, just the thought that he might still be doing it brought pricks of tears to Jonathan’s eyes.

But right now, he was looking at a smiling Will, and that was important, as long as he kept smiling.

Author's Note:

please help me name the band, I am so excited to
write some adorable singing Will
hjfbevihewhvoerhflw